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ing provoked, however, he knocks down the rude offender, and has a thorough contempt for the constable—a contempt in the entertaining of which he is so well justified by the logical remark of Blacksnout:—

“A constable’s
An ass. I have been a constable myself.”

And it is to be observed that the tailors of the poets are as generous as they are brave. Witness Vertigo in “The Maid in the Mill;” the lords among whom he stands owe him money, and yet affect to have forgotten his name. One of them ventures, indeed, to hope that he has not come to press his claims; and what says this very pearl and quintessence of tailors?

“Good faith, the least thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen,
Your love’s enough for me. Money? hang money!
Let me preserve your love!”

Incomparable Vertigo! What a trade might he drive in London upon those terms! A waistcoat for a good opinion, a fashionable coat for esteem, and a full-dress suit to be paid for with the wearer’s love, in a promissory note made payable at sight!

Ben Jonson does the trade full justice with regard to their possession of generosity; thus, in “Every Man Out of his Humor,” Fungoso not only flatters the tailor who constructed his garment out of the money due for its fashioning, but he borrows some ready cash of him besides. Upon this hint did Sheridan often act; and thus posterity suffers through the vices as through the weaknesses of our ancestors. But the philosophical spirit of the true artistic tailor has been as little neglected by rare Ben, “the Canary-bird,” as the same artist’s generosity. The true philosophy of dress is to be found in a speech of Fashioner’s, in the “Staple of News,” and which speech is in reply to the remark of young Pennyboy, that the new clothes he has on make him feel wittier than usual: “Believe it, sir,” says Fashioner,

“That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain; and thence, sir, comes the proverb,
The tailor makes the man. I speak by experience
Of my own customers. I have had gallants,
Both court and country would have fool’d you up,
In a new suit, with the best wits in being,
And kept their speed as long as their clothes lasted,
Handsome and neat; but then as they grew out
At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly.”

The policy of the tailor is as good as his philosophy, and has the same end in view, for Pennyboy exultingly says:—

“I wonder gentlemen
And men of means will not maintain themselves
Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the highest;
For he that’s out of clothes is out of fashion;
And out of fashion is out of countenance;
And out of countenance is out of wit.”

And the moral of all is, that if a man would prosper in the world, he should, at all events, not neglect his tailor.

If the fashioners of clothes were sometimes not so careful as they might be in the application of the principle of honesty, the makers of the cloth were infinitely worse. They lay under the imputation of being universally fraudulent. We have no better, and need no better, proof on this matter than what is afforded us by the testimony of good old Latimer, who had a sharp eye to detect vice, and a bold tongue to denounce it. In his third sermon preached before King Edward VI., there is the following graphic passage:—“I hear say that there is a certain cunning come up in the mixing of wares. How

say you?—were it not a wonder to hear that clothmakers should become ‘pothecaries, yea, and as I hear say, in such a place whereat they have professed the Gospel and the Word of God most earnestly of a long time.’ And then the preacher, after some animadversions on the devil—whom he styles in another sermon as the only prelate he knows who is never absent from his diocese, nor idle when in it—thus proceeds: “If his cloth be seventeen yards long, he will set it on a rack, and stretch it out with ropes, and rack it till the sinews shrink again, till he has brought it to eighteen yards. When they have brought it to that perfection, they have a pretty feat to thicken it again. He makes me a powder for it, and plays the ‘pothecary.’ They call it flock-powder. They do so incorporate it to the cloth, that it is wonderful to consider. Truly, a good invention! Oh that so goodly wits should be so ill applied! that they may well deceive the people, but they cannot deceive God. They were wont to make beds of flock, and it was a good bed, too; now they have turned the flock into powder, to play the false thieves with it. These mixtures come of covetousness. They are plain theft.” From this singular passage it is apparent that what is popularly known at Manchester as “devil’s dust,” was an invention which the cotton lords of to-day have inherited from their fathers in Mammon, the cloth lords of some three centuries ago. That ever active prelate, the devil, is therefore as busily engaged in his diocese now as he was in the days whose doings are condemned by Latimer. In some respects, however, there is an improvement, if we may believe the assertion made by Mr. Thackeray, in his “Essays on the Essayists,” to the effect that even hermits out at elbows would lose their respectability now if they were to attempt to cheat their tailors. Other men succeed in doing so, without forfeiting the privilege conceded by Mark Antony to Brutus of being “an honorable man.”

Charles Lamb remarks, in his “Essay on the Melancholy of Tailors,” that “drink itself does not seem to elevate him.” This assertion seems contrary to that in the acting tragedy of “Tom Thumb,” wherein Queen Dolalolla so enthusiastically exclaims:—

“Perdition catch the railleurs!
We’ll have a row and get as drunk as tailors.”

It is to be observed, however, that Fielding is not responsible for this illustration, which has been made by some adapter, who has had the temerity to do for the heroic tragedy in question what Cibber did for “Richard,” and Tate for old “King Lear.” The lines, however, were delicious when Wilkinson played Queen Dolalolla in the tragedy-style of Peg Woffington.

Dr. O. Wendell Holmes has cleverly conjectured what a tailor, poetically given, might say of the beauties that cluster about the closing day; and he has thus described

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

“Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom button’d it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth’s meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night’s descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

“Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is; it is that deeply-injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweeten’d the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now, thou seemest like a bankrupt beau
Stripp’d of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

“Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no! it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire’s grandsire—all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happen’d I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

“It is a joy to straighten out one’s limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such an hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth’s mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.”

To conclude: the poets have been quite as guilty of petty larceny as ever was poor tailor. Pope stole from Pascal, and Addison from Pope; and Churchill’s line in his Rosciad, to the effect that

“Common sense stood trembling at the door,”

is a plagiarism from George Alexander Stevens’s “Distress upon Distress; or Tragedy in True Taste.” This is more of “cabbage,” and less of coincidence, than the line in one of the “Roxburgh Ballads,” anent tailors, wherein we find an allusion in the phrase “turn up my ten toes,” which is, as nearly as possible, a translation of part of the ladies’ threat in the “Lysistra” of Aristophanes. Altogether a volume might be filled with examples to prove that poetry and tailoring have one spirit in common.—*Habits and Men.*

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—1855.*

PREFACE.

I AM often asked by my friends to mark for them the pictures in the Exhibitions of the year which appear to me the most interesting, either in their good qualities, or their failure. I have determined, at last, to place the circular letter which on such occasions I am obliged to write, within reach of the general public. Twenty years of severe labor, devoted exclusively to the studies of the principles of Art, have given me the right to speak on the subject with a measure of confidence; but it will be found that in the following pages, few statements are made on my own authority, and that I have limited myself to pointing out simple facts with respect to each picture, leaving to the reader the power of verifying such statements for himself. No cri-

* We republish some of the more important portions of Mr. Ruskin’s pamphlet on the R. A. Exhibition, presuming they will be found interesting, although the pictures they refer to are not to be seen here.—EDITORS OF THE CRAYON.

ticism is of any value which does not enable the spectator, in his own person, to understand, or to detect, the alleged merit or unworthiness of the picture; and the true work of a critic is not to make his hearer believe him, but agree with him.

Whatever may be their abstract truth, the following remarks have at least in them the virtue of *entire* impartiality. Among the painters whose works are spoken of, the greater number are absolutely unknown to me; some are my friends; and some quite other than friends. But the reader would be strangely deceived who, from the tone of the criticism, should endeavor to guess to which class the painter belonged. It might, indeed, be alleged, that there is some unfairness in fastening on the faults of one or two works, not grosser in error than many around them; but it would have been tedious to expose all the fallacies in the Academy, and I believe it will be found, besides, that the notice of the particular picture is nearly always justified, if not by excess of demerit, at least by excess of pretension.

NOTES.

78. The Wrestling, in "As you Like it." (D. Maclise, R.A.)

Very bad pictures may be divided into two principal classes—those which are weakly or passively bad—and which are to be pitied and passed by; and those which are energetically or actively bad, and which demand severe reprobation, as willful transgressions of the laws of all good art. The picture before us is of the last class. Mr. Maclise has keen sight, a steady hand, good anatomical knowledge of the human form, and good experience of the ways of the world. If he draws ill, or imagines ungracefully, it is because he is resolved to do so. He has seen enough of society to know how a Duke generally sits—how a young lady generally looks at a strange youth who interests her; and it is by vulgar choice, not vulgar ignorance, that he makes the enthroned Duke straddle like a village actor, and the young lady express her interest by a cool, unrestrained, and steady stare. It is not worth while to analyze the picture thoroughly, but let us glance at the two opponent figures—Charles and Orlando. The spectator can certainly see nothing in this "Charles" but a grim, sinister, sinewy monster, wholly devoid of all gentleness or humanity. Was Shakespeare's Charles such a one? So far from it, that into his mouth is put the first description of the love of Rosalind and Celia—"The Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her—never two ladies loved as they do." So far from it, that he comes to Oliver especially to warn him against allowing his brother to wrestle with him. "Your brother is but young and tender; for your love I would be loth to foil him." Then, on Oliver's execrable slander of Orlando, poor honest Charles is "heartily glad I came hither; if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment;" this being not in cruelty, but in honest indignation at Orlando's ascribed villany; nevertheless, when the trial comes, although flushed with victory, and haughty in his supposed strength, there is no bitterness in his question—"Where is this young gallant?" Poor Charles is as much slandered here by the painter as Orlando was by his brother. Well, but what of Orlando himself? He folds his hands, and turns up his eyes like a lover in his last appeal to his lady's mercy. What was the actual fact? Orlando had been but that instant called before the princesses; he had never seen them before in his life. He is a man of firm, calm, and gloomy character—the sadness having been induced by injustice; he has no hope, no thought of Rosalind or her love, at this moment; he has challenged the wrestler in

quiet resolve to try with him the strength of his youth—little caring what comes of it. He answers the princesses with deep and grateful courtesy, but with a despairing carelessness of his fate—"If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it I have nothing." Imagine the calmness and steady melancholy of the man who would speak thus, and then compare the sentimental grimace (as of a fashionable tenor in a favorite aria) of the Orlando in the picture.

Next to pass from imagination of character, to realization of detail. Mr. Maclise is supposed to draw well, and realize minute features accurately. Now, the fact is, that this work has every fault usually attributed to the pre-Raphaelites, without one of their excellences. The details are all so sharp and hard that the patterns on the dresses force the eye away from the faces; and the leaves on the boughs call to us to count them. But not only are they all drawn distinctly, they are all drawn *wrong*.

Take a single instance in a simple thing. On the part of the hem of the Duke's robe, which crosses his right leg, are seven circular golden ornaments, and two halves, Mr. Maclise being evidently unable to draw them as *turning* away round the side of the dress. Now observe, wherever there is a depression or fold in the dress, those circles ought to contract into narrow, upright ovals. There *is* such a depression at the first next the half one on the left, and that circle ought to have become narrowed. Instead of which it actually widens itself! The second is right. Then the third, reaching the turn to the shade, and all those beyond it, ought to have been in narrowed perspective—but they all remain full circles! And so throughout the ornament. Imagine the errors which a draughtsman who could make such a childish mistake as this must commit in matters that really need refined drawing, turns of leaves, and so on!

But to pass from drawing to light and shade. Observe, the light falls from the left, on all the figures, but that of the two on the extreme left. These two, for the sake of effect, are in "accidental shadow." Good; but why then has Oliver, in the brown, a sharp light on the left side of his nose! and on his brown mantle? Reflected lights, says the apologist. From what? Not from the red Charles, who is five paces at least in advance of Oliver; and if from the golden dress of the courtier, how comes it that the nearer and brighter golden dress of the Duke casts *no reflected light* whatever on the yellow furs and red hose of the wrestler, infinitely more susceptible of such a reflex than the dress of Oliver? It would be perfectly easy to analyze the whole picture in this manner; but I pass to a pleasanter subject of examination.

120. Beatrice. (C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A.)

An imitation of the Venetians, on the supposition that the essence of Venetian painting consisted in method: Issuing, as trusts in Method instead of Fact always must issue—in mere negation. Sir Charles Eastlake has power of rendering expression, if he would watch it in human beings—and power of drawing form, if he would look at the form to be drawn. But when, because Giorgione and Titian draw broadly, and sometimes make their colors look broken, he supposes that all he has to do is to get a broken breadth; he ends, as all imitators must end, in a rich inheritance of the errors of his original, without its virtues. Titian and Giorgione have a slight tendency to flatness; but Giorgione's G Flat has accompaniments, Sir Charles's C. Flat stands alone.

The real source of the error may be sufficiently seen in the distance; Titian paints his distances in pure color—but at least indicates what is grass, and what is stone. The distant ground,

here, with its white spot for a castle, is a mere space of dim brownish-green paint, which can by no possibility stand for grass, or moss, or any other natural thing. It seems to me, however, that there are some points in the execution of the picture, considered as an example of certain textures, which are instructive. The whole is careful, and the draperies well cast. But who is the lady? Dante's Beatrice, or Benedict's? She can hardly be either: her face indicates little piety, and less wit.

149. Lear recovering his reason at the sight of Cordelia. (J. R. Herbert, R.A.)

As No. 78 furnished us with an instance of the class of picture which is *Actively bad*, we have here an equally important instance of the *Passively bad*; which, had it been in a less prominent place, might kindly have been passed without notice; but, since it is thus recommended to the public by its position, it must needs be examined.

In the whole compass of Shakespeare's conceptions, the two women whom he has gifted with the deepest souls are Cordelia and Virgilia. All his other women can speak what is in them. These two cannot. The "Nothing, my lord" of Cordelia, and the "gracious silence" of Virgilia, are the everlasting seals set by the Master of the human heart upon the most sacred writing of its folded and golden leaves. Shakespeare himself could not find words to tell what was in these women. And now, cast down at her father's feet, the alabaster vase is broken—the house of life is filled with the odor of the ointment—all Cordelia is poured forth in that infinite "I am" of fulfilled love.* Do but think of it for one quiet instant. Think of the rejected creature, so long disallowed from daughter's word and act; unsistered also—all her sisterhood changed into pale flame of indignation—now at last, in consummation of all sorrow, and pity, and shame, and thankfulness, and horror, and hope long delayed, watching the veil grow thin, that in those eyes, wasted with grief, was still drawn between her father's soul and hers. Think of it! As for imagining it—perhaps Dante might have imagined it, with the winds of Paradise yet upon his brow. As for painting it—

And yet, in the midst of the Royal Academy Rooms of England, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, that profile of firwood, painted buff, with a white spot in the corner of the eye, does verily profess to be a painting of it.

It is a thing not a little to be pondered upon, that the men who attempt these highest things are always those who cannot even do the least things well. Around the brow of this firwood figure there is a coronet, and in the coronet four jewels. I thought that, according to the Royal Academy principles, in a "High Art" picture, this Rundell and Bridge portion of it should have been a little less conspicuous. However, as we find these unideal emeralds and rubies thus condescendingly touched, let us see *how* they are touched. Each stone has a white spot, or high light, upon it. Now, that flash is always the reflection of the highest light to which the jewel is turned; and here, in a tent, it must be of an opening in the tent on the left-hand side. Now, as the jewels are set round the brow, each in a different position, each would reflect this tent-door from a different spot of its surface. This change in the position of the reflection would be one of the principal means by which Nature would indicate the curve of the coronet. Now, look at the painting. Every gem has actually the high light in the same spot, on the left-hand side, all round the brow!

The dimness of pictorial capacity indicated by such a blunder as this, is very marvellous.

* "I think this lady

To be my child, Cordelia.

Cordelia. And so I am; I am."

For a painter of the slightest power, even though he had not drawn the gems from nature, would infallibly have varied the flash, for his own pleasure, and in an instinctive fulfillment of the eternal law of change.

It is nevertheless a fact that, although from some peculiar idiosyncrasy not comprehending the passage in King Lear, Mr. Herbert has feeling; and if he would limit his work to subjects of the mere symbolic and quietly religious class, which truly move him, and would consider himself by no means a great master, but a very incipient student, and paint everything from the fact and life, faithfully, he would be able to produce works of some value.

282. The Rescue. (J. E. Millais, A.)

It is the only great picture exhibited this year; but this is very great. The immortal element is in it to the full. It is easily understood, and the public very generally understand it. Various small cavils have been made at it, chiefly by conventionalists, who never ask how the thing is, but fancy for themselves how it ought to be. I have heard it said, for instance, that the fireman's arm should not have looked so black in the red light. If people would only try the experiment, they would find that near black, compared with other colors, is always black. Coals do not look red in a fire, but where they are red hot. In fact, the contrast between any dark color and a light one, is always nearly the same, however high we raise the light that falls on both. Paul Veronese often paints local colors darker in the lights than in the shadow, generally equal in both. The glow that is mixed with the blackness is here intensely strong; but, justly, does not destroy the nature of the blackness.

The execution of the picture is remarkably bold—in some respects imperfect. I have heard it was hastily finished; but, except in the face of the child kissing the mother, it could not be much bettered. For there is a true sympathy between the impetuosity of execution and the haste of the action.

569. Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence. (F. Leighton.)

This is a very important and very beautiful picture. It has both sincerity and grace, and is painted on the purest principles of Venetian Art—that is to say, on the calm acceptance of the whole of nature, small and great, as, in its place, deserving of faithful rendering. The great secret of the Venetians was their simplicity. They were great colorists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and color, but because when they saw a thing red, they painted it red; and when they saw it blue they painted it blue; and when they saw it distinctly, they painted it distinctly. In all Paul Veronese's pictures, the lace borders of the table-cloths or fringes of the dresses are painted with just as much care as the faces of the principal figures; and the reader may rest assured that in all great Art it is so. Everything in it is done as well as it can be done. Thus, in the picture before us, in the background is the Church of San Miniato, strictly accurate in every detail; on the top of the wall are oleanders and pinks, as carefully painted as the church; the architecture of the shrine on the wall is well studied from thirteenth-century Gothic, and painted with as much care as the pinks; the dresses of the figures, very beautifully designed, are painted with as much care as the architecture; and the faces with as much care as the dresses; that is to say, all things, throughout, with as much care as the painter could bestow. It necessarily follows, that what is most difficult (i. e. the faces) should be comparatively the worst done. But if they are done as well as the painter could do them, it is all we have to ask; and modern artists are under

a wonderful mistake in thinking that when they have painted faces ill, they make their picture more valuable by painting the dresses worse.

The painting before us has been objected to, because it seems broken up into bits. Precisely the same objection would hold, and in very nearly the same degree, against the best works of the Venetians. All faithful colorists' work, in figure-painting, has a look of sharp separation between part and part. I will not detain the reader by explaining why this is so, but he may convince himself of the fact by one walk through the Louvre, comparing the Venetian pictures in this respect with those of all other schools. Although, however, in common with all other works of its class, it is marked by these sharp divisions, there is no confusion in its arrangement. The principal figure is nobly principal, not by extraordinary light, but by its own pure whiteness; and both the master and the young Giotto attract full regard by distinction of form and face. The features of the boy are carefully studied, and are indeed what, from the existing portraits of him, we know those of Giotto must have been in his youth. The head of the young girl who wears the garland of blue flowers is also very sweetly conceived.

Such are the chief merits of the picture. Its defect is, that the equal care given to the whole of it, is not yet *care enough*. I am aware of no instance of a young painter, who was to be really great, who did not in his youth paint with intense effort and delicacy of finish. The handling here is much too broad; and the faces are, in many instances, out of drawing, and very opaque and feeble in color. Nor have they, in general, the dignity of the countenance of the thirteenth century. The Dante especially is ill conceived—far too haughty, and in no wise noble or thoughtful. It seems to me probable that Mr. Leighton has greatness in him, but there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not, in succeeding years, paint far better, he will soon lose his power of painting so well.

"Elgiva," by Miss J. M. Boyce (No. 1295.) The expression in this head is so subtle, and so tenderly wrought, that at first the picture might easily be passed as hard or cold; but it could only so be passed, as Elgiva herself might have been sometimes seen—by a stranger—without penetration of her sorrow. As we watch the face for a little time, the slight arch of the lip seems to begin to quiver, and the eyes fill with ineffable sadness and on-look of despair. The dignity of all the treatment—the beautiful imagination of faint but pure color, place this picture, to my mind, among those of the very highest power and promise. Complete achievement there is not in it as yet, chiefly because the colors, quite exquisitely conceived and arranged, are not each in their own separate quality perfect, in the sense in which any given color by Bonifazio or Giorgione is perfect; but if this artist, looking always to Nature and her own thoughts for the thing to be expressed, will strive to express them, with some memory of the great Venetians in her treatment of each separate hue, it seems to me that she might entertain the hope of taking place in the very first rank of painters.

The next passage which the *Globe* endeavors to invalidate is that in which I said, respecting "The Rescue"—"The contrast between any dark color and a light one is always nearly the same, however high we raise the light that falls on both;" against which the *Globe* quotes my statement in "Modern Painters:"—"Light and shade so completely conquer the distinctions of local color, that the difference of hue between the illumined parts of a white and black object is not so great as the difference, in sunshine, between the illumined and dark side of either separately."

Will the writer for the *Globe* be so good as to point out the contradiction? This last passage,

indeed, says:—"Light and shade conquer distinctions of local color." It does not say that light alone does. In the first passage I say: "Raise white a certain height, and raise black as far, and still they are at the same distance from each other; or, in other terms, raise 6 to 12, and 0 to 6, and they are still 6 apart." In the second passage I say: "That this difference, whatever it may at any moment be, is not so great as the difference between the full light and full shadow of a given color in sunshine."

Of course this does not mean dim sunshine, or that dark sides may not by reflected light become nearly as bright as light sides; but it expresses, in few words, this most important and stern fact, that, while the resources of Art always easily equal the most violent distinctions of local colors or patterns, they are utterly inadequate to express the depths of gradation between full sunshine and full shadow in any given color—so that Albert Durer, and all the great masters of form, are compelled to leave all local color as pure white, in order to get the gradations between it and the shadow. In Albert Durer's best plate, the "Adam and Eve"—highly finished as it is—the green leaves are represented as pure white, in order to get them even approximately raised above the shadow; and even then, half of the intermediate gradations are missed.

The great colorists always chose, of course, to give the other side of the scale of truth. They gave the local colors truly, and sank or subdued the gradations of shadow—Veronese giving the type of the perfect statement of local color, Tintoret striking the exact balance between him and the Chiaroscurists, and Rembrandt representing as much as was possible of the truth of the opposite scale.

Millais is a great colorist, and, of course, works on the principles of the colorists. The question respecting his picture, is one respecting the distinctions of local color, and that question I have simply and sufficiently answered; nor would any one have been embarrassed by the answer who had ever seen a coal fire, unless the unfortunate writer for the *Globe* had done his best to communicate to them the infection of his misunderstanding. The press does good service in many things, but it is a wonderful instrument for the dissemination of imbecility; and there is this mischief in the nature of things, very prettily illustrated by the subject we are upon of local color, that dullness, like local blackness, "is always black, however high you raise the light that falls upon it;" but as all whiteness may entirely cease to be white in the night, so there is no perspicuity which a resolute bluntness cannot obscure.

Thus much of answer may suffice touching what the writer for the *Globe* ventures to assert on his own responsibility; but his mention of Mr. Leslie obliges me to say a few words respecting this artist, which I had intended to reserve for another place, and another time.

There has perhaps never been a greater master than Leslie of the phases of such delicate expression on the human face as may be excited by the slight passions or humors of the drawing-room or boudoir. His painting from the "Rape of the Lock," in last year's Academy, was to my mind an absolute master-piece,* and perhaps the most covetable picture of its kind which I ever remember seeing by an English artist. Equal to Hogarth in several of its passages of expression, it was raised in some respects above him by the exquisite grace and loveliness of the half-seen face of its heroine, and by the playful yet perfect dignity of its hero. Nor was it less admirable as a reading of Pope, for every subordinate character had been studied with such watchful reference to every word in which it is

* His picture from Don Quixote, this year, is less important, but full of admirable power.

alluded to throughout the poem, that it seemed to me as if the spirit of the poet had risen beside the painter as he worked, and guided every touch of the pencil.

This, and much more than this, I wrote of the picture at the time it appeared, and sent my notice of it to *The Times*, together with one of Hunt and Inchbold. The letter was not inserted; and as the only part of it which I was very desirous to put before the public was that respecting Hunt, and I supposed the letter too long for *The Times* in the form in which it was first sent, I withdrew the notices of Leslie and Inchbold, and sent it again in this reduced form. It was then inserted; but it has always been a matter of serious regret to me that I had not the opportunity of directing the attention of the public specifically to this picture while it was on the Academy walls; and the more so, because it must very soon become my painful task to expose the weakness of the Author, when I would willingly have confined myself to praise of the Painter. The power over slight and passing expression is always a separate gift, eminently possessed by many caricaturists (for instance, in the highest degree by Leitch); and it has never, I believe, in a single instance, been consistent with any understanding of the qualities of the highest art. It was, therefore, the extreme of rashness in Mr. Leslie to attempt a work of criticism on historical or sacred painting. But it was worse than rashness—it was an inexcusable want of sense, to venture, further, into the criticism of landscape art; and his work, instead of becoming what it was intended to be by the ingenious Mr. Murray, a guide to young painters, will remain a perpetual warning to painters advanced in life, not to suppose that, by watching the smiles of coquettes, they can learn to appreciate the ideals of the masters of religious art, or, by a life spent among the sophistications of the world, become sharers in the spirit of the great painters who have communed with the heart of Nature.

Review.

ART HINTS.

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

WITH less patience and interest than we ever before perused a work on the Fine Arts, we have waded through "ART HINTS." The author disavows any claim to originality in his preface:

Before hastily rejecting conclusions, which on my part are the result of conviction, I would earnestly beg my readers to candidly test and patiently probe the principles upon which they are founded. At the same time they must consider, that, pretending to no originality or the elucidation of any new truth, I have simply gathered into the superficial form of "Hints," ideas of universal application. Consequently, they will find broad principles and general features, instead of learned and critical details, which, however interesting to the few, might have repelled the many from the consideration of a topic of vital interest to humanity.

Yet he claims that what he offers are "broad principles and general features," from which we are led to expect an elucidation of some of those mysteries of Art, or a statement in comprehensible terms of its profound principles. If there was to be nothing new, the things old should have been given in a systematic form, and judiciously epitomized from their original works. "ART HINTS" professes to be "a work which should embrace both the abstract principles and rules of Art, and an outline of its historic progress and social relations." So far

as the historical part of the plan is concerned, we must give it the credit of being in the main an interesting compilation of the best authorities, Rio, Lord Lindsay, and Ruskin, but in the critical department, there is little else than dilute adaptations of Ruskin, without system or point, and manifesting all the extravagance of illustration and florid imagery of the great English critic, without any of the enthusiastic feeling and imaginative ardor which characterizes the "Modern Painters." The author seems to us to have been led into the study of the writers on Religious art, and being of an appreciative and impresible mind, finding himself interested in their works, and being temporarily magnitized into their spirit, he imagines himself a teacher instead of what he really is, only a student, and in the first stages of knowledge of the principles of Art, but without the slightest understanding of their practical application. He illustrates the truth of the adage, "a little knowledge makes us wondrous wise," and with a little study of Swedenborg, a perusal of Mrs. Jameson, and pretty constant reading of Ruskin, so as to have acquired a superficial imitation of the style which, in the latter's works, carried captive public and critic, he ventures into the field to do battle for true taste and high art. We quote a favorable example of his moralizing:

There is not a plant that blossoms, a gem that sparkles, or a sea-shell that glistens on the shore, that has not a meaning beyond its external loveliness, consecrated in the heart of man through all time. Earth from its deepest valleys and loftiest mountain-tops, over its wide plains and down to the lowermost depths of its ocean-beds, through its broad masses of light and shadow, its atmospherical curtain with its silent beauty or its notes of thunder, the loud wind and the gentle zephyr, by the music of its birds and the varied hum of its insect creation, by its summer mantle of vegetation and its winter robe of snow, by all that God has created, speaks intelligibly to man, and bids him join in their glad anthem. Can he listen unmoved to these voices, and, alone of God's creation, manifest not the joy of existence in giving free rein to all his heavenly-inspired impulses? Must God always stoop to argue with man, face to face, because skepticism shuts his eyes to visible tokens of Divine wisdom? Is his reason the sole medium through which truth can enter his mind? For one, I do not believe in this hardness of the human heart. It may sin from misdirection or from ignorance, but once open its eyes to the moral beauty of the tiniest plant that grows, let it walk the earth as Christ walked, in the open air, and it will read lessons in stones and gather knowledge from herbs.

While, however, he often advances undoubted truths, drawn from his authorities, and gives expression to correct statements of principles already well established, he confuses everything by a want of order in his book, and a want of succinctness in his manner of expression, and when he ventures to state anything original, is generally entirely wrong.

The want of system in "Art Hints" prevents us from following closely any order in our review of it, and if, therefore, we seem desultory in our remarks, it is because it is impossible to systematize the suggestions of the work. Commencing with an introductory chapter, on the "Material and the Spiritual," "Science and Imagination," and the supposed advantages of travel, as

connected with Art, he concludes this division with the following passage:

Art looks to America with open arms. How is it to be carried there? Not by misses who run over Europe, and bring back a cabin-load of new bonnets, with dresses and trinkets to match; neither by women whose aim is display, and ruling principle vanity; nor by young gentlemen whose attainments are limited to the run of "cafés" and gambling saloons. We have too many of them, and too many of such families as that of Santa Maria della Salute, whose sole reminiscences of European travel are the number and not the quality of sights. We need Art-students, men of sincerity and labor, who will not hesitate to go on their backs and knees, if need be in the dust, to read the soul-language of the mightiest minds in Europe.

Europe is a store-house of Art, but its value and lessons are lost in a great measure upon the nations that gave it birth. Still those silent voices speak. Out of old churches, mouldering tombs, time-honored galleries, there go forth eternal principles of truth, if rightly studied, able to guide the taste and warm the heart of young America, and urge her on in the race of renown. I do not advocate blind copying of mind, or the reception of laws, whether of taste or morality, without fully proving their spirit; but I do advocate, and would press home to the heart of every American who goes abroad, the necessity, if he would do his duty to his own country, of reading and interpreting to his countrymen, so far as in him lies, these sacred writings on the wall. Talent is lent by God. We are to return it with usury. I write not for those light minds who find pleasure only in frivolity, and who travel simply for excitement; their case is hopeless. I write for my young friend of the Venetian church. With earnest souls like his lies the artistic hope of America.

There is need of no greater error than is contained in the above to destroy the validity of any critic's teachings, so far as the education of taste is concerned. Art is *not* to be carried to America at all, but if genuine, must spring up in it, fed by the manifestations of Beauty in Nature itself. We do *not* need Art-students, men of sincerity and labor, who will not hesitate to go on their backs and knees, if need be in the dust, to read the soul-language of the mightiest minds in Europe," we need only men who will, without any adoration of the works of "the mightiest minds" of any country, stand with their brows bared and their eyes and hearts open before Nature, and tell us honestly what they see and feel, without reference to any previous Art. We do not believe that all the pictures in Europe ever made an artist one whit greater; but, while they have enabled many little men to shine in a borrowed greatness, they have dragged down true greatness in the degree in which they have captivated it. The study of the grand galleries has made shallow critics and mannered artists, and always will do so. Mr. Jarves would have done well had he learned from Ruskin one more lesson, viz., that thorough knowledge of Nature alone makes an artist, and is equally indispensable to a critic. If he had learned this, we should have been spared this book for some years yet.

After this introductory, we have a disquisition on *Mum's twofold Nature*, not original or forcible, but on the whole correct and valuable. Then come two chapters on the history of Art, which subject is interrupted for some reason we cannot see, while the author enters on certain disquisitions on the metaphysical relations of Art